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A tale of Adventure



163 2 6

Chapter 1 by Crimson Pain

You are in your room getting ready for a party that starts in 15 minutes. When suddenly your door opens. A tall guy, or that what you think it is, walks into your room and says "I am Jeff the killer but you can call me Jeff. I am here to pick you up for the party at the Creepypasta mansion that you have been so graciously been invited to". You back up at the knowledge you have been told. You know who Jeff is and know that he is a killer. But despite what you want to do you go with Jeff to the pasta mansion.

Chapter 2 by Tailors <3



The mansion is one of a kind. Could be referred to as abandoned, but the loud music coming from inside say otherwise. Jeff leads you inside. He walks around a corner and is gone. There is a note on the ground. It merely says: "You find your own way to the party. I have better things to do." Jeff. Polite as always.

Although the mansion is large you know your way around from your dreams. The dreams you have about this place. You know every corner and every door. Including the large black one at the top of a grand staircase that may as well have a neon sign above it saying "Party in here".

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Of course you am on the list. Slendy wouldn't be able to survive without his Proxy. Jack finally finds your name and lets me in. As the doors open you feel life once again. No longer are you Catalina Maxine but now you are Slendy's Proxy. The Clockwork Princess.

Chapter 3 by suha



You feel vibrant... alive! As if you had been holding your breath for a long time and have finally been allowed to inhale air. You've been programmed for this, to perform the same task every night. Instead, you pause to admire the mansion. You can't help it - the place is just too beautiful.

The entryway leads to a vast hall that's decorated according to a different theme each night. Tonight Slendy has decorated it according to his personal favourite: Vampire's Dream. You grimace at the irony; Slendy, the first vampire in the realm to hope for dreams. The whole mansion was pitch black. At intervals candles were lit in order to navigate; but they weren't ordinary candles, oh no. Each burned a neon blue, sea green or deep purple adding to the haunting atmosphere. They also released an alluring scent... the reason behind the euphoria and adrenaline rush proxies felt on entering the place. A huge chandelier hung from the domed ceiling, it's crystals chiming an eerie tune.

As you make your way across the Hall, you glance at the other proxies, mingling with each other, socializing. Waiting for Slendy to call them - if he had any intention to in the first place.

You pick up your pace and head towards the Lord's room. Your heartbeat races in anticipation of the pleasure to come... you are his and he is yours.

You stand outside the door and knock - two quiet sounds - eager to fulfill your role as the Princess.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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